

Haters

So Solid Crew

So many haters are clocking our figures
So many haters don't like us rakin' papers
But all we did was bring garage through
From the underground straight to you
Used to want to screw and bawl
Now they want to join the crew
T to the H, you to the G
Thuggin' and we'll be 'til we D.I.E
M to the A to the see that's me
S-K-A-T-D
Three thugs representing So Solid family
Stackin' the chips an' the bricks
You'll see you'll see M-a-see's taking over
Ladies call me Cassanova
I thought I told you I'm a So Solid soldier
You see me coming in a broke down Nova
Mind out 'cause you will get run over
Reason be I'm a So Solid soldier
Reason be I'm a So Solid soldier
Reason be I'm a So Solid soldier
I thought that I told ya
You want to hate on me 'cause I'm the one that's chosen
Looking kinda frozen
L double O flow, you don't know, don't know
So Solid is a family, we got a key in this life
To just make it, break it
Hate it don't ya
Ya'll better recognise me like a true Solid soldier
Now you believe in us
want to roll with us
Get lean with us
Before you was hatin' us
Are you sure you believe in us
You said we would never bust
Now you hand you roll up and you smoke the dust
It's better you bite the dust
I'm crazy believe me trust
Like a grenade I'm about to bust
While you playing you're hatin' us
When I bust all you see is dust
If you're here then you're feelin' us
I won't sweat but I'm serious

Suicide and dangerous
So Solid can you handle us
So Solid can you handle us So many haters are clocking our figures
So many haters don't like us rakin' papers
But all we did was bring garage through
From the underground straight to you
Used to want to screw and bawl
Now they want to join the crew Spit
Crooky nigga going a trip
Use your cast now I'm writing the rich
I quit, now I've had my turn on the rips
I better tripping in the base
I'm a vocalist
You must be mad, to come on the fray mad
You see your friend and they're really your friend's dad
'Cause if I hit ya will you really defend that
Just remember your wife and two kids Yaga Yo
Why you watchin' me
Why you clockin' me
Why you hatin' me
Why you biting me
Is it the ice, I'm on fire
Is it the cream, I got fire
Is it the hits
Is it the whips
Is it the tricks
Please let me know So many haters are clocking our figures
So many haters don't like us rakin' papers
But all we did was bring garage through
From the underground straight to you
Used to want to screw and bawl
Now they want to join the crew While you be hatin' it's money I makin'
I'm demonstrating, your honey I'm takin'
I talk now 'cause the players are hatin'
I'm at home but the front a be waiting It's on this year
Better beware
Clips and we bust like a firing line of duty
It's on this year
Better beware
Clips and we bust like a firing line of duty Don't give me no bullshit
Hesitant never step to the clique
With a droll like yo and the ice style clips
And the ice on my wrist
Ya'll haters ain't shit
So Solid's my clique

And we're making the hits
And we're making you sick
And we're spitting the bricks
With a thoughtless eclipse
So many haters are clocking our figures
So many haters don't like us rakin' papers
But all we did was bring garage through
From the underground straight to you
Used to want to screw and bawl
Now they want to join the crew...

Songwriters

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